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on, bear what I have borne: Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt And the cold, proud world's scorn. Thus struggle on from year to year, Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept O'er a loved father's fall, See every cherished promise swept, Youth's sweetness turned to gall; Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt; Implore, beseech and pray, Strive the besotted heart to melt, The downward course to stay; Re cast with bitter curse aside. Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied

Go, stand where I have stood, And see the strong man bow With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood And cold and livid brow: Go, catch his wandering glance, and see There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard-The sobs of sad despair, As memory's feeling font hath stirred, And its revealings there Have told him what he might have been, Had he the drunkard's fate forescen.

Go to my mother's side. And her crushed spirit cheer; Thine own deep anguish hide Wipe from her cheek the tear; Mark her dimmed eye, her furrowed brow The gray that streaks her dark hair now, The tollworn frame, the trembling limb, And trace the ruin back to him Whose plighted faith, in early youth, Promised eternal love and truth. But who, foresworn, hath yielded up. This promise to the deadly cup.

strife, That lowly thing-a drunkard's wife! And stamped on childhood's brow, so mild, That withering blight-a drunkard's child!

And let her down from love and light

From all that made her pathway bright,

And chained her there 'mid want and

Go, hear and see and feel and know All that my soul hath felt and known; Then look within the wine-cup's glow; See if its brightness can atone; Think, if its flavor you would try,

If all proclaimed-'tis drink and die. Tell me I hate the bowl-Hate is a feeble word; I loathe, abhor, my very soul By strong disgust is stirrred Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell Of the dark beverage of hell!

-Anonymous Katie's Secret.

The sunlight is beautiful, mother, And sweetly the flowers bloom to-day. And birds in the branches of hawthorn, Are carolling ever so gay. And down by the rock in the meadow The rill ripples with a song, And, mother, I too have been singing

The merriest all the day long. Last night I was weeping, dear mother, Last night I was weeping alone, The world seemed so dark and so dreary, My heart it grew heavy as stone. I thought of the lonely and loveless, All lonely and loveless was I. I scarce could tell why it was, mother; But then I was wishing to die.

Last night I was weeping, dear mother, When Willie came down by the gate And whispered, "come out in the moon-

For I have something to say to you Kate." Oh, mother, to him I am dearer,

Than all this wide world beside. For he told me so out in the mounlight, And he called me his darling, his bride.

So now I will gather the roses, To twine in my long braided hair, And Willie will come in the evening. And smile when he sees me so fair. Then out in the moonlight we'll wander Way down by the old hawthorn tree, Oh, mother, I wonder if any Were ever so happy as we.

Dreamy Eyes That Haunt Me Still. Far away in mem'ry's valley Steals my heart in sweet delight To my little sweetheart, Ailie, Who was once my life and light. She has left me sad and lonely, Tears unbidden come at will. She has left no token-only Dreamy eyes that haunt me still.

CHORUS. She has left me sad and lonely Wand'ring down life's rugged bill, She has left me nothing only Dreamy eyes that haunt me still.

Life seemed long and bright before us; Swiftly did the moments go. Soon a cloud came gliding o'er us; Turning happiness to woe. And my pathway, once so cheerful, Strewn with flow'rs on ev'ry side,

Now is lonely, sad and tearful, For I've lost my heart's sweet pride. Star of hope above me beaming,

Smile upon me in your pride Of the past I'm sadly dreaming, Since affection's roses died. Years may come and years may vanish Still my beart with pain will fill, I can never, never banish Dreamy eyes that haunt fine still. -John T. Rutledge.

The Blessing of Song. "What a friend we have in Jesu-Sang a little child one day; And a weary woman listened To the durling's happy lay.

All her life seemed dark and gloomy, All her heart was sad with care; Sweetly rang out baby's treble-"All our sins and griefs to bear."

She was pointing out the Savior, Who could carry every woe; And the one who sadly listened

'Needed that dear helper sol Sin and grief were heavy burdens For a fainting soul to bear; But the baby, singing, bade her

"Take it to the Lord in prayer." With a simple, trusting spirit, Weak and worn, she turned to God. Asking Christ to take her burden. As He was the sinner's Lord.

Jesus was the only refuge, He could take her sin and care, And He blessed the weary woman When she came to Him in prayer. And the happy child, still singing, little knew she had a part God's wondrous work of bringing

e unto a troubled heart.

Good-By.

Farewell, farewell, is a lonely sound, And always brings a sigh; But give to me that better word That comes from the heart, "Good-by." Parewell, farewell, may do for the gay, When pleasure's throng is high, But give to me that good old word That comes from the heart, "Good-by," Adleu, adlen, we hear it off,

As the careless throng pass by But the heart feels most when the lips And the eye speaks a gentle "Good-by." Farewell, farewell, is never heard When the tear's in the mother's eye. Adieu, adieu, she speaks it not,

Buy my love "good-by, Good-by," Farewell, farewell, may be softly said, With a tear, perhaps, with a sign, But give to me when loved ones part That sweet old word, "Good-by."

The Bells of Shandon. With deep affection and recollection I often think of the Shandon bells, Whose sounds so wild would, in days of ebfldhood. Fling 'round my cradle their magic spells.

On this I ponder where'er I wander,

With thy bells of Shandon That sound so grand on The pleasant waters of the River Lea.

And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of

I have heard bells chiming full many elime in. Tolling sublimely in cathedral chime

While at a glibe rate brass tongues would vibrate. But all their music spoke naught like thine:

For memory, dwelling on each proud swell-Of thy beifry knelling its bold notes free Made the bells of Shandon Sound far more grand en

I have heard the bells tolling "Old Adrian"; Their thunder rolling from the Vatican, With cymbals glorious, swinging aproarious In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame; But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome

of Peter

The pleasant waters of the River Lon

Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly. Oh, the bells of Shandon Sound far more grand on The pleasant waters of the River Lee. There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower

and kiosko In St. Sophia the Turkman gets, And loud in air calls men to prayer, From the tapering summit of tall mins rets.

Such empty phantom I freely grant them. But there's an anthem more dear to me: It's the bells of Shandon, That sound so grand on The pleasant waters of the River Lee. -Francis Mahoney (Father Prout).

Where Are the Friends of My Youth? Where are the friends of my youth,

Say, where are those cherish'd ones gone? And why have they dropp'd with the lenf, Ah, why have they left me to mourn? Their voices still sound in mine car, Their features I see in my dreams; And the world is a wilderness drear

CHORUS Ah, where are the friends of my youth, Ah, where are the cherish'd ones gone? And why have they dropp'd as the leaf, Ah, why have they left me to mourn?

Say, can I ever again. Such ties can I ever renew, Or feel those warm pulses again Which beat for the dear ones I knew? The world as a winter is cold, Each charm seems to vanish nway; My heart is now blighted and old, It shares in all nature's decay.

Bonny Eloise THE BELLE OF THE MOHAWK VALE Oh, sweet is the vale where the Mohawi gently glides

On its clear winding way to the sea, And dearer than all storied streams o earth besides Is this bright rolling river to me;

But sweeter, dearer, yes, dearer far than these. Who charms where others all fail, Is blue-eyed, bonny, bonny Eloise,

The belle of the Mohawk vale. CHORUS. But sweeter, dearer, yes, dearer far than these.

Who charms where others all fall, Is blue-eyed, bonny, bonny Eloise, The belle of the Mohawk vale. Oh, sweet are the scenes of my boyhood's

sunny years, That bespangle the gay valley o'er, And dear are the friends seen through memory's fond tears.

That have lived in the blest days of But sweeter, dearer, yes, dearer far than

Who charms where others all fall, Is blue-eyed, bonny, bonny Eloise,

The belle of the Mohawk vale. Oh, sweet are the moments when dreamin

I roam Through my loved haunts, now mossy and gray, And dearer than all is my childhood's hal-

low'd home, That is crumbling now slowly away: But sweeter, dearer, yes, dearer far than

these. Who charms where others all fall, Is blue-eyed, bonny, bonny Eloise, The belle of the Mohawk vale.

When the Roses Come Again. Neath the shadows down the meadows, Dead leaves lie on every side, By the river flowers shiver, Fading dying in their pride. Some one's straying, long delaying Sad the parting down the lane.

'I must leave you," some one's saying. "Till the roses come again." CHORUS. When the roses come again, When the roses come again, I will meet you, I will greet you,

When the roses come again, As I wander I will pender On a happy by and by Of a summer over yonder, Fraught with joy to you and I: Do not borrow grief or sorrow In the hours that yet remain, We shall know a glad to-morrow When the roses come sgain

Sunshine over crimson clover Blossoms on the meadows wide ummer's fingers sweetly linger, Everywhere on every side; Some one's roaming in the gloaming Happy cearts that feel no pain; all the odness turned to glady iss. Whe roses come avain. Why Why

#### FAMOUS SPEECHES.

The Battle of the Cowpens. ON January 17, 1781, occurred the battle of the Cowpens between a handful of Amerlouns, commanded by Colonel Morgan, and a much larger number of British, commanded by Colonel Tarleton. The battles of Cowpens and King's Mountain were marked events in the history of the campaign that decided the Revolution. The Southern campaign has been somewhat elighted in many of the histories of the War for Independence, but it was deci-sive. The campaign that led up to the surcender at Yorktown is as thrilling and as heroic as any in the annals of American

In his history of the United States, Rancroft gives this explanation of the name by which the locality of the battle of January 17, 1781, was known. He says that in South Carolina, where the grass is springing through every month of winter, cattle in those days grazed all the year round; never housed, nor fed by the hand of man, but driven from time to time into cowpens. where the owners gave salt to the herd and each marked those which were his

Two miles from such an inclosure, on wide plain covered with primeval pines and chestnut and oak, about sixteen miles from Spartanburg, seven miles from the Cherokee Ford on the Broad River, and a little less than five miles from the line of North Carolina, Morgan encamped his party for the night. During the night Pickens returned from a short absence with more than a hundred militia, and another party of fifty came in. The moment was come

when it was safest to fight. On the 17th, at an hour before daylight, Morgan, through his excellent system of spics, knew that Tarleton's troops were appreaching his camp. His own men, number ng 80 cavalry and 237 infantry of the troops of the United States and M3 militia from the States of Virginia, North Carolina South Carolina and Georgia, 870 in all, quietly breakfasted and prepared for battle. The ground chosen was an open wood between the springs of two little rivulets, with slight ridge extending from one of them to the other. The wood was free from under growth; no thicket offered covert, no swamp

refuge from cavalry. Tarleton had been sent by Cornwallis to intercept Morgan's retreat. The British commander was impatient because of the American's success. He wrote to Tarleton: "If Morgan is anywhere within your each I shall wish you to push him to the itmost. No time is to be lost."

Tarleton answered by promising either to festroy Morgan's corps or push it before him over Broad River toward King's Mountain, and he wished the main army to advance, so as to be ready to capture the fugitives. "I feel bold in offering my opinion," he wrote, "as it flows from wellfounded inquiry concerning the enemy's de signs." To this Cornwallis replied: "You have understood my intentions perfectly." So it was that Morgan had resolved to

make a stand at the Cowpens and had drawn up his men to the best advantage, with sharpshooters in the best positions. Tarleton's troops, numbering a little mor than 1.100, having two field pieces and a great advantage in bayonets and cavalry. after a march of twelve miles, came sight at 8 o'clock, and drew up to single hattle line. The legion infantry formed their center, with the Seventh Regiment on the right, the Seventy-first on the left and two light companies of a hundred men each on the flanks. The artillery moved in front. Tarleton, with 280 cavalry, was in the rear. No sooner were they formed than their whole line rushed forward with the greatest impetuosity and with shouts

They were received by a heavy and welldirected fire, first from the American skirmishers and then from the whole of your poem column, as it is con of numbers enabled them to gain the flanks of the Americans, who were thus obliged to change their position. They drew back in good order about fifty paces, formed, advanced on the enemy and gave them a volley which threw them into disorder. The Virginia riflemen, who had kept their places, instinctively formed themselves on the sides of the British, so that they who, two or three minutes before, had threatened to turn the Americans found themselves, as it were, within a pair of pincers, exposed to the converging ob lique fire of two companies of sharps ers on each flank and a direct fire in front. Lieutenant Colonel Howard perceived the wavering of the British and gave orders for the line to charge with bayonets, which was done with such address that the enemy fled with the utmost precipitation, leaving their field pieces behind them. The Amerteans followed up their advances so effect tually that the British had no opportunity of rallying. Lieutenant Colonel William Washington, having been informed that Tarleton was cutting down the riflemen or the left pushed forward and charged his party with such firmness that they brok their ranks and fled, while Tarleton made no attempt to recover the day. They were

completely routed and were pursued twenty-four miles by the cavalry. Of the Americans, only twelve were killed and sixty wounded. Of the enemy, ten commissioned officers were killed and more than a hundred rank and file: 200 were wounded; twenty-nine commissioned officers and more than 500 privates were taken prisoners, besides seventy negroes Two standards, upward of a hundred draoon horses, thirty-five wagons, 800 mus kets and two field pieces that had been taken from the British at Saratoga and retaken at Camden, fell into the hands of the victors. The immense baggage of Tarle leton's army party, which had been left in the rear, was destroyed by the British

themselves. "Our success," wrote the victor in his modest report, "must be attributed to the justice of our cause and the gallantry of our troops. My wishes would induce me to

name every sentinel in the corps." Morgan was as prudent as he was daring and he retired rapidly with his men and prisoners and was soon beyond the Yadkin on the way to Virginia. He had no army with which to stand against Corn-

wallis's thousands. The fame of the victory of Cowpens spread in every direction. Cornwallis was cast down, and Tarleton humiliated, while

the Americans rejetced. It is said that Tarleton was slightly wounded in the vigorous attack made on him and his reserves by Colonel Washington. It is of this battle that the story is told of Tarleton's ridicule of Colonel Washington to an' American lady, the wife of Colonel Allen Jones of North Carolina, Tarleton remarked that he believed that Colonel Washington was so ignorant a man that he could not even write his name.

As people who could not write in those days were in the habit of making a mark for their signatures, the lady archly said to Tarleton, pointing to his wound: "Ah, Colonel, you bear evidence that he can at least make his mark!"

When Tarleton later added that he had never seen Colonel Washington, the same lady slyly said: "Had you looked behind you at Cowpens, you might have had that pleasure."

Liberty and Union. Closing Sentence of the Reply to Hayne. WHEN my eyes shall turn to behold for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishon ored fragments of a once glorious Union on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched.

It may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last

feeble and lingering glance rather behold

the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and henored, throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe crased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of de lusion and folly, "Liberty first, and union afterwards," but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart-Liberty and Union, now and forever, one DANIEL WEBSTER. and inseparable!

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

MRS. T. T. TAYLOR, Noble, Ill,-The poen for which you ask, "The Highland Chief," is too long for insertion here.

W. C. Barnes, Milberry Grove, Ill-The poem "Pass Under the Rod" appeared on this page several weeks ago.

William Jewell, Coffeyville, Kas-The poem "The Elivouse of the Dead," by O'Hara, appeared in these columns not long

N. M. C., No. 2806 Olive Street, St. Louis-The poem "Stonewall Jackson's Way" was published in The Republic a few months ago, and, therefore, cannot be repeated. If you care for it you can find it in some collection of Southern war poems, at either of the libraries here, the Public Library or the Mercantile, or in the book, "Roya Gallery of Poetry and Art," page 267.

C. O. Coghill, No. 1223 East Oak Street, Fort Scott, Kas .- The poem for which you "Chums We Were Always in This World of Strife," does not come under the head of famous or popular poems.

Constant Reader, Little Rock, Ark -So nany requests for poems are received at this office that it has been found convenient not to publish them unless name and address are given. This is especially true of a case like yours, where a poem that is little known is requested. If you had given your name and address. The Republic would ask some interested reader to be good enough to mail to you a copy of the poem.

To the Editor of The Republic John Poland can find "Socrates Snooks" In No. 2 of Garrett's "One Hundred Choice

Selections. Mrs. Emma Adams can find "The Portrait" in No. 11 of the same series, or by applying at the Public Library for the sems of Owen Meredith. The poem is eighty-eight lines long. M. PRICE.

To the Editor of The Republic, If the person who wanted "Little Willie" in your Sunday paper and only signed "E. D." will send his full name and address to me I will gladly send the poem to him. WM. RAWSON.

Las Vegas, N. M., Care Plaza Hotel, To the Editor of The Republic If Mrs. M. C., St. Louis, will send her address I can furnish her with "Lorena" and "Paul Vane," also the history of same, as they were written on facts.

MRS. G. B. TESSON. Old Orchard, St. Louis County. To the Editor of The Republi

I have the song entitled "Little Willie." but it's too long for publication. If the one requesting it will send his or her address I will gladly mail it to him. Slater, Mo. MRS. JENNIE HOLT.

To the Editor of The Republi The poem, "The High Tide," by Jean Ingelow, in which these lines occur-For sweeter woman ne'er drew breath

Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth I consider too long for publication in twenty-two stanzas of seven lin Point Pleasant, Mo. JACK CARVELA Dalsy, St. Louis: The poem which you

Then, away to the war, to the war I must go was published in these columns not long ago.

Maud J. Rohrig, Winchester, Ill.: The poem, "Who'll Volunteer?" published soon after Hobson sunk the Merrimac, is hardly a famous poem.

Samuel D. Lawther, 25 De Menii Building St Louis: The poem, "The Moneyless Man," was published in these columns not long ago. Perhaps some Republic reader will be good enough to mail a copy of it to

J. F. Angle, Lynnville, Ill.: Perhaps some reader of The Republic will send to you the words of "Henry Did" and "Down Went McGinty."

John J. Colhem, Wellsville, Mo.: The poem, "The Printer's Boy," is too long to be used on this page. Perhaps some Re-

G. H. Davenport, Oklahoma City, Ok. Many poems were written on the "Death of Garfield," and it would be difficult to locate the particular one to which you

A Young Wife, Suburbs: You ask where you should seat the guest of honor at your

Arrange for him to sit at the hostess's right hand. She should take her accus-

tomed place at the head of her table. J. P.: Certainly it is correct for a young man to have an autograph album if he cares for it, and he may ask any friend, man or woman, to write a sentiment there-

#### ANSWERS RECEIVED.

THE Republic wishes to thank the follow-

ing persons for responses to requests for poems published in these columns: Rese L. Hamilton, Granby, Mo., "Katle's Secret"; A. A. D., Marion, Ill., "Katie's Secret" Mrs. Kate Etter, Waverly, Ill., "Katie's Secret"; "The Pride of Battery B," from Mrs. W. P. Johnstone, St. Louis; M. Price, St. Louis, "Dreamy Eves That Haunt Me Still" and "Go Feel What I Have Felt"; Miss Dora Humes, Vonore, Tenn., "The Whistling Regiment"; Roger B. Whitman, New York City, "I Have Left My Snowclad Hills" and "Little Willie"; Mrs. G. B. Tesson, "The Night Before Christmas"; Mrs W. C. McMichael, Arkadelphia, Ark., "Belle Brandon," "Good-by" and "Soul Sculpture": Mrs. Charles L. O'Haven, Sedalla, Mo., "Strangers Yet" and "Katle's Secret" David R. Compton, Morrisonville, Ill., "The Haunted Palace" and "The Girl I Loved in Sunny Tennessee"; Miss Merlin Davenport, Breckinridge, Tex., "Just as the Sun Went Down"; Jack Carvel, Point Pleasant, Mo., "Pride of Battery B" and "The Girl I Loved in Sunny Tennemee"; Mrs. Jennie Holt, Slater, Mo., "Ka-tie's Secret"; Captain Joseph Boyce, St. Louis, "Where Are the Friends of My Youth?" and "Bonny Eloise, the Belle of My Youth?" and "Bonny Eloise, the Belle of the Mohawk Vale"; Alice S. Goodwin, Charleton, Mo., "When the Roses Come Again"; Mrs. W. R. Bankes, Lamar, Mo., "Where Are the Friends of My Youth?" Margaret Birdie Kilpeck, St. Louis, "Good-By"; Mary Louise Williams, Cairo, Ill., "Bonnie Eloise"; Mrs. M. V. Foster, Ash-ley, Ill., "The Drunkard's Daughter" and ley, Ill., d-By"; Mrs. May Rutter, Lawrence "When the Roses Come Again" and Kas., "When the Roses Come Again" and "Katie's Secret"; Mrs. B. T. Terry, Van Buren, Mo., "When the Roses Come Again"; Mrs. T. T. Taylor, Noble, Ill., "Thoughts of Home" and "Belle Brandon"; Mond Brookman, New Franklin, Mo., "Old Hawthorn Tree"; Mrs. T. J. Batsell, Paris, Mo., "Little Joe."

End in what All begins and ends in—Yes; Think then you are TO-DAY what YESTER. Think then you are TO-DAY what YESTER. And when the Angel of the darker Drink At last shall find you by the river Yesk. And, offering his Cup, invite your lips to quaff—you shrink Yam.

### REQUESTS FOR POEMS.

THE REPUBLIC is gind to oblige its readers by publishing famous poems and favorite old songs asked for by them. Requests for poems which cannot be found conveniently are published on this page. An opportunity is thus given to those who may have the poem or poems to comply with these requests by forwarding the verses to The Republic Famous Poem Department. So many poems are asked for that it is

impossible to publish the longest ones. A poem of ten verses with four lines to a Home." by her sister Phoebe, are among verse is too long. The render will observe that only one or two long poems are used It is suggested that all who make requests for poems sign their full names and give sees. If the reader who has the poem

asked for wishes to respond to the request, and the peem is too long for use in The Republic, he could, if he desired, mail the article direct to the person making the request. Requests for poems and responses to the same should always be written on one nide of the paper.

To the Editor of The Republic. I wish you would publish the song, "The Heavenly Train." The chorus runs like this;

We are traveling home, we are traveling We are traveling home to heaven above. We are traveling home to heaven above To sing a Savior's dying love. ABBY CASH Owensville, Ind.

BOTHOOD RECOLLECTIONS. I was just 19 when I first fell in love, And I scribbled a deal of rhyme; I talked to myself in a shady grove, And thought I was quite sublime. was torn from my love, 'twee a dreadful bloom And the lady, she wiped her eye, Dut I did not die of grief-oh, dear me, no;

and rustle in manners, not needing to be "Time enough for that," said I. My rest was a lady who loved romance, She wrote many splendid things: She answered with a sneer when I asked to enter, would not be discouraged. If they dance study and write, and at last publish, If

"I ride upon a horse with wings" There was ink on her thumb when I kissed her And she whispered, "If you should die I'll write you an epitaph gloomy and grand."
"There will be time enough for that." said L.

I left them and sported my figure and face At opers, party and ball; I saw pretty faces in eve pretty faces in every place, But found a defect in all The first did not suit and I could not tell how, And the second I could not tell why

And the third-"Oh, dear, I'll not marry There is time enough for that," said I. I looked in the glass and I thought I could trace But I made up my mind that I'd do up my face And come out as good as new; To my hair I imparted a little more jet,

"Tis time enough for that," said I. I do not know the first four lines of last verse, but the last lines go: I am 69 to-day, not a very young man, Fut a bachelor doomed to die; to, youth, be advised, and marry when

And scarce could suppress a sigh;

You have no time to lose, say I To the Editor of The Republic, I send you the above song. I hope it may not be too long for you. 'The a song that my sweetheart sang to me in the long ago I was torn from my love, 'twas a dreadful blow, but I don't know whether the lady wiped her eye or not. I know that I wiped mine, but I did not die of grief, oh, dear me, no. I'm here yet, Some of your readers may be able to supply the four missing lines. I have never seen the song in print, nor

have I heard it sung in the last fifty years. BEN DOUGLASS. Huntsville, Mo.

To the Editor of The Republic Will some reader of The Republic please send to me the words to the se "Ragtime Gal." NORVELL HOLT. Slater, Mo.

To the Editor of The Republic I am extremely anxious to find the poem society of a young lovely woman, so su-entitled, "Wild Zinquerella" (perhaps I do perior to her surroundings. To Alice he not spell it correctly). It is the story of a was the man of men, Alice Cary loved gypsy flower girl who set a pet lion upon this man, and in the profoundest sense she her false lover and was herself attacked never loved another. A proud and prosby the brute. She flung herself into the perous family brought all their pride and water in seeking to escape injury, just as power to bear on a son, to prevent his the ilon was killed by a huntsman. I give marrying a girl to them uneducated, rustic this brief synopsis to let you know to which and poor. I waited for poem I refer. I thank you for the benefit came back, she said. 'Yet I believed he derived from your posm department.

J. EULLAN BULLOCK

To the Editor of The Republic P. S.-Will you please ask some one to send to me the poem by Cy Warmin entitied. I think, "Will the Lights Be White"? and oblige an interested reader of your fine paper. RERT THOMAS. La Plata, N. M.

## LITTLE CLASSICS.

IN all ill-matched marriages the fault is less the woman's than the man's, as the choice depended on her the least.-Mme, de Rieux.

There will always remain something to be said of woman as long as there is one on the earth.-De Bouffers.

Woman's happiness is in obeying. She brightest of the city's workers and thinkobjects to men who abdicate too much,-Michelet. I will not affirm that women have no

character; rather, they have a new one every day.-Heine. A woman is like your shadow; follow her, she flies; fly from her, she follows .- Prov-

That man is not to be considered among the great who depends upon the errors of the foolish multitude.-Cicero.

Disgust concealed is ofttimes proof of visdom, when the fault is obstinate, and the cure beyond our reach .- Cowper. Love can make us friends as well as an-

rels.-Kingsley.

The suspected and the man really guilty eem to differ only slightly.-Ausonius, Oh! We are poor querulous creatures! Little less than all things can make us happy, and little more than nothing can

For a long time past, we have lost the true appellation for acts.-Sallust. The thunderbolt falls on an inch of ground, but the light of it fills the horizon,

make us unhappy.-Coleridge.

Prudence is the knowledge of things to be sought and to be avoided .- Cicero. There is no cause for gloying in being upright, when no one has the power, or is

trying to corrupt you .- Clcero. Nature is upheld by antagonism. Pasdons, resistance, danger, are educators. We acquire the strength we have overcome .-Books are not absolutely dead things,

but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are .- Milton. Great with are sure to madness near ailled.

And thin partitions do their bounds divide -Dryden

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press, End in what All begins and ends in-Yes; Think then you are TO-DAY what YESTER-DAY You were-TO-MORROW you shall be not less. So when that Angel of the darker Drink

# AMOUS AMERICAN AU Alice and Phoebe Cary. PERHAPS no two women poets of Ame

foa have been better loved than Alice

Phoebe Cary. Two poems, "Pictures of

Memory," by Alice Cary, and "Nearer

the best-known of their verses. Alice was

bern in the Miami Valley, eight miles from

Cincinnati, O., April 26, 1839, Phoebe was

born in the same house Saptember 4, 1834.

Alice dled at New York February 12, 1871,

and Phoebe lived but a few months longer,

The sisters came of New England an-

centry. Their parents were gentlefolk in

the true sense of the word; delicate mind

ed and rightly conducted. Death invaded the

Their mother died in 1835, and two years

later Robert Cary married again, The bi-ographer of the slaters remarks upon the

Carnahan, a niece, wrote of their experi-

"Alice kept busly at work during the

day, prosecuting her studies at night. This

was a fruitful source of dissension between

was either proper or profitable; that read-

ing books was better than darning socks

or writing poems better than making bread.

must darn and bake, they would also

serve instead, and so, for ten long years,

they studied and wrote and published with-

out pecuniary recompense; often discour-

aged and despondent, yet never despairing;

think themselves neglected and slighted,

Their poems were published here and

there in church journals, newspapers, and

The Quaker poet has commemorated this

visit in a poem, "The Singer," which be-

Two song birds wandering from their nest,

It was in this year that Alice Cary went

to New York to seek her fortune. She

was a little sad, very ambitious and pos-

would come till I read in a paper his mar

ringe to another. Can you think what life

"He did come at last. His wife had died

down beside the gray-haired woman, Life

had dealt prosperously with him. Suffer-

ing had taken all from her save the luster

of her wondrous eyes. From her wan and

tenderness and youth. Thus they met with

life behind them-they who had parted

plighted lovers when life was young. He

was the mun whom she forgave for her

blighted and weary life, with a smile of

parting as divine as ever lit the face of

In the spring of 1851 Phoche and

younger sister joined Alice at New York,

and success came to them. Horace Greeley

was their friend, and their names were

known among the literary. They soon had

a wide circle of friends, and for years

there was a gathering of the best and

ers at their home in Twentieth street,

which Alice had bought. They were pros-

"Years ago," writes Mrs. Ames, "in an

old academy in Massachusetts, its procept-

or gave to a young girl a poem to learn for

a Wednesday exercise. It was Alice Ca-

ry's 'Pictures of Memory.' After the girl

and recited the poem to her teacher he told

her that Edgar Alian Poe had said that in

rhythm it was one of the most perfect

lyrics in the English language. He told

to her the story of the two sisters, and It

was as a romance to her.
In 1857 the school girl, then a woman,

was in a New York drawing-room where

were gathered many distinguished folk.

and in some of them she was disappointed.

but not in Alice Cary. Her eyes were soft

and sad, and lustrous brown. They lit a

fine, colorless face. Her dress was of pale

gray satin, trimmed with folds of ruby

with brightness. From that evening began

Here is Alice Cary's "Pictures of Mem

sprinkle the vale below;

quetting all day with the sunbéams and stealing their golden edge;

And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines of the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, mor the cale sweet cowally,
It geemeth to me the best.

With eyes that were dark and deep; In the lap of that old dim forest He lieth in peace asleep; Light as the down of the thistle, Free as the winds that blow.

roved there the beautiful summers,

We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of lone ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A lad of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded My neck in a meek embrace. As the light of immortal beauty

As the light of immortal beau Silently covered his face; And when the arrows of surger Lodged in the tree-tops briging He feil, in his saint-like beaut Afteep by the gates of light.

Not for the milk-white lilies That lean from the fragrant ledge

velvet; a dress like herself and her

ory":
Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemed best of all;
Not for its gnaried cake olden,
Dark with the mistletce;

Not for the violets golden

I once had a little brother,

lasted for life.

perous, these two brave women.

would never come?

woman."

gins: Years since (but names to me before),

A gray old farmhouse in the West,

Even then a smile too sweetly sad; The crown of pain that all must went

Too early pressed her midnight hair,

Timid and young, the elder had

biographer of the sisters, writes:

and yet hogging their solitude in uncon

lenely and grown oversensitive, prone

herself and stepmother, who could not be

Heve that burning candles for this purpos

dylng at Newport July 31, 1871.

nce at this time:

sclous superiority."

Another much-loved poem, written by Alice Cary, is "An Order For a Picture" Oh, good painter, tell me true, Has your hand the cunning to draw

Shapes of things that you never as Aye? Well, here is an order for you. Woods and cornfields, a little browns picture must not be overbright-t all the golden and gracious light cloud, when the summer sun is down.

family circle and took a dear little sister and their beautiful older sister, Rhoda. . . . . . . Listen closer. When you have done
With woods and confields and grazing herds. A lady, the loveliest ever the sun ack of sympathy felt by their stepmother Looked down upon, you must paint for me; Oh, if I only could make you see The clear blue eyes, the tender mile, The soversign eventness, the gentle grace. The woman's soul, and the engel's face for the ambitions of Alice and Phoebe, Ada

The woman's soul, and the engel's face.
That are beaming on me all the while,
I need not speak these foolish words:
Tet one word tells you all I would say—
She is my mother; you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

In her time Phoebe Cary was called
he wittlest woman in a marker. She had he wittlest woman in America, She had a warm, bright nature, and the tle between the two staters was especially tender. They But the country girls, uncultured in mind were totally different in manner and appearance and temperament. Mrs. Ames tells that Phoebe refused all offers of marriage, told the immense distance which separated but that she hesitated once. It was after them from the world of letters they lonted they had gone to New York and were well established there. She was stronger than Allce, and cared for her weaker sister. It was because of Alice that she refused to marry the man she loved. She could not leave her sister, she said. candles were denied them, a saucer of lard and a bit of rag for wick could, and did,

One of her friends told this story of her: One evening, at a little party, the fun rose to a great height, and one quiet was suddenly attacked by a gay lad, who "Why don't you laugh? You sit there like a post!"
"There! she called you a nost: why don't

you rail at her?" exclaimed Phoebe.

Their friend, Mr. P. T. Barnum, mentioned to her that the skeleton man and the fat woman, then on exhibition in the sometimes in the Ladies' Repository and city, were married.
"I suppose they loved through thick and Graham's Magazine. Their work attracted the attention of Rufus W. Griswold of thin," said Phoebe.

the attention of Rufus W. Griswood of Graham's Magazine, and in 1849, finding himself in their neishborhood, Horace Greeley paid a visit to their home. In the same year a modest little book, "Poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary," was published, The year 1850 may the two sisters on a fourney, the first important one of their lives. They went East, to New York and her from a saver bruising. lives. They went East, to New York and her from a severe bruising Beston, and to Amesbury, to see Whittier. " I am more lucky than the first woman

was, who fell through the influence of the serpent, said Phoebe, as she recovered her-Being one day at Wood's Museum, she asked Mr. Barnum to show to her the "In-fernal Regions," advertised to be represent-ed there. On inquiring, he found that they

were out of order, and said:
"The Infernal Regions have vanished, but never mind, you will see them in time." "No, in eternity," was the lightninglike reply. one occasion a certain well-known actor, then recently deceased, and more spicuous for his professional skill than for his private virtues, was discussed, "We

sessed of very little money. Mrs. Ames, shall never," remarked some one, "see agnin. "Had Alice married the man whom she "No," responded Phoebe, "not unless we then loved she would have never come to go to the pit." She was once asked if she had ever been New York at all to coin the rare gifts of disappointed in her affections. She said:
"No, but a great many of my married her brain and soul into money for shelter

and bread. Business interests had brought friends have. into her Western neighborhood a man at Equally characteristic was her answer to time much her superior in years, cul the erratic officer of the Civil War, who ture and fortune. Naturally he sought the invited her to drive with him and im-proved the opportunity it gave by asking her to marry him. She requested a short

"No," said the peremptory soldier. "Now or never. "Never!" was the quick response. It was of Alice Cary that the Reverend Doctor Charles F. Deems of the Church of

the Strangers, New York, said in his ad-dress delivered at her funeral: "To-day I can only make my lament over her as you do, in the simplicity of af-fection. Men loved Alice Cary and women loved her. When a man loves a woman, it would be-loving one, waiting for one who an, it is of grace. It is one of the finest things that can be said of Alice Cary that she had such troops of friends of her own Alice was dying. The gray-haired man sat

Before Alice died, Phoebe said: "It Alice's heart to mine; nothing can hurt her that does not hurt me.' wasted face they shone upon him full of It seemed to Phoebe's friends that all de sire to live left her when Alice died. She followed her sister in a few months.

The most widely known of all her poems is "Nearer Home." One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I am nearer home to-day Than I ever have been befores

Nearer my Father's house. Where the many mansions ber Nearer the great white throne. Nearer the crystal sen; Nearer the bound of life,

Closer and closer my steps Come to the dread abyse:

Even to-day thun I thinks Father, perfect my trust; Let my spirit feel in death, That her feet are firmly set On the rock of a living faith!

From Phillips Brooks's "Letters of Travel." JERUSALEM, Jan. 1, 1898.-I must wish you all a happy New Year. It is a good way off, but I am sure you all know that I am doing it, and I can almost hear you wishing it back to me. May it be a happy

ONE NEW YEAR'S DAY.

year to all of us. Before it is over Got soft and sad in the background, bordered grant we may be together again safe. Two a friendship between the two women which more days in Jerusalem! I have been out to see the old cave tombs, which are all about the city, the tombs of the Judges and those of the Kings. . . In the afternoon, a lovely bright sunny day, I walked out to Bethany and back; over the summit of Mount Olivet, the way that David went when he fied from Absalom, back around the southern ridge of the hill where Christ come in on his triumphant entry. It was a delightful walk. . . Tell mother I put in this letter for her the head of a reed which was "shaken by the wind" on the brink of the Jordan and two flowers which I picked in Gethsemane.

> AT one of the public schools in Washington a portrait of George Washington was hung in the room of the infant class last week. On the morning of its appearance the teacher called attention to the gift and asked the children if they knew whom the picture represented.

front desks, and the teacher asked pleasantly: "Who was he. Tommy?"

But lying darkly between, Winding down through the night, Is the slient, unknown stream, That leads at last to the light,

Oh, if my mortal feet lave almost gained the brink:

WHO WAS WASHINGTON? From the Chicago Record.

"Washington," responded several. "Who was Washington?" A little hand was lifted from one of the

"Our father from the country," was the